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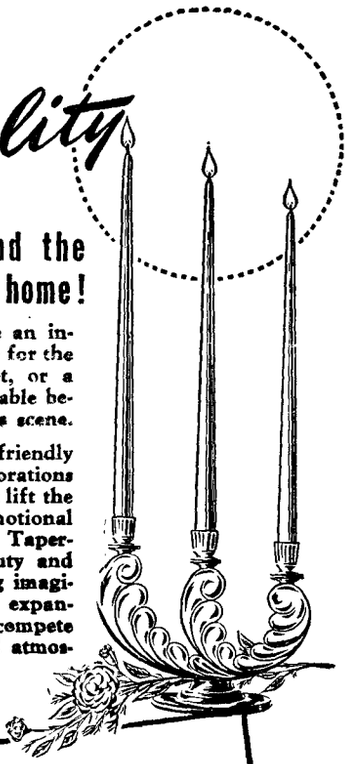

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week by week

SHIFT ON FOREIGN AID

FOR YEARS, fear of Communism has served as a spur to social reform in many countries. It had much to do with the adoption of the Marshall Plan and such foreign technical assistance as was undertaken in earlier stages of the Cold War. The theory was that, in their resentment against their abysmal lot, people who were destitute would turn in desperation to the siren call of Communism if the free world, and the free enterprise system, failed to offer them a feasible alternative. This argument did not always hold; in certain instances depressed peoples have so far remained sunk in their apathy, impervious to all agitation from without; in others, rising living standards have actually led to Communist gains where Party propagandists were able to intensify dissatisfactions by persuading workers that a Soviet system would procure them even greater material benefits. But the theory has proved to be generally sound.

In recent months the case for foreign technical and financial assistance has become much more specific. In India (where the annual income is only $55 per person), Egypt and a number of other poverty-ridden countries there is a real question whether ardently sought agricultural reform and industrialization will follow a democratic or a totalitarian pattern. That is the challenge of the present Soviet economic offensive. The Communist world boasts several advantages in its propaganda about raising productiveness and living standards. The Soviet Union has already achieved an impressive list of production goals and produced jet engines, oil drills and a few other key items well in advance of counterparts developed under the freedom enjoyed in the West. The cost of these strides in regimentation and human lives is, of course, carefully relegated to the background.

In addition to underlining the fact that Soviet Russia once faced (and now claims to have conquered) problems very similar to those of the underdeveloped countries, the Communists present colonialism as a characteristic of the West. Here again certain flagrant aggressions of the past two decades have to be kept well hid, but the Soviets benefit enormously from the fact that anti-colonialism, by far the strongest sentiment in the Arab and Asian, if not the Latin-American, worlds today, is directed almost exclusively against Britain, France, Holland and their ally, the United States.

AS a result of all these factors, the handicaps to be overcome in the contest for the uncommitted peoples of the world are indeed immense. And this tends to shed a different light on the current debate over foreign aid in Congress. At the outset, much discounting must be done. All but half a billion of the five billions tagged as "foreign aid" is for, or in support of, defense expenditures. This lesser sum must be further discounted in that by far the major part of it is concentrated in the bastions of Formosa, South Korea and South Viet Nam. That leaves comparatively little for a general Point Four, technical assistance program among the uncommitted nations.

Yet, under the pressure of local politics, even this little faces a serious challenge. Congress still believes it good politics to keep tight rein on the nation's purse strings. Nevertheless, the Administration is increasingly in favor of bestowing on the President the widest latitude in giving, withholding, increasing and reducing subventions to various countries in view of the new Soviet threat and the swiftness with which important situations are changing. This, coupled with Executive power

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to make long-term commitments subject to change on the President's part but not to annual Congressional review, would constitute an absolute minimum for dealing with the Soviet economic offensive.

The question is a complex one that is muddied by such factors as corruption and inefficiency among recipients, local militarisms, the reactions to dumping our surpluses, and others. But if Americans prove unable to perceive the clear direction in which our interests lie—not to mention the practical demands of distributive justice, charity and lasting peace—more and more peoples will before long drift into the expanding Soviet orbit. History will be hard put to find an instance when penny-pinching on the part of a great and prosperous nation could prove more self-defeating.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T

AMERICAN University, a Methodist-supported institution in Washington, D.C., seems to have got itself into an impossible position in the case of Professor Herbert Fuchs. According to the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, Professor Fuchs in June of last year admitted in testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee that he had belonged to the Communist Party while a government employee. At that time he refused, on grounds of conscience, to reveal the names of his associates. Shortly after this episode, the president of the University issued a public statement of support for Professor Fuchs, praising him as "an intelligent, loyal and devoted teacher."

During the following month, however, Professor Fuchs testified again, and this time he had a change of heart; instead of refusing to answer, he named forty-four former associates in the Communist Party. Almost immediately, the University told Mr. Fuchs to request a leave of absence or face suspension, and later his leave of absence was extended by the board of trustees for the duration of his contract, which was not renewed for the coming year. Thus, in an unusual switch, Mr. Fuchs was able to teach after refusing to testify; after changing his mind, he lost his job.

Both the chairman of the board of trustees and the president of American University insist that the decision by Professor Fuchs to name former associates in the Communist Party had nothing to do with his dismissal; "other facts," they insist, guided them in their decision. At this writing, however, they have steadfastly refused to disclose what these "other facts" are. Until or unless they do so, outside observers can hardly be blamed for thinking of Professor Fuchs as a man who was penalized for *not* taking the Fifth Amendment.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN P. SISK writes about the cult of the mystery story.

"The real paradox is that there is ultimately no mystery in the mystery story. One reads, or plays, with the absolute certainty that in the end all will be perfectly clear. He has the pleasant awareness of being part of a very rational (though arbitrary and abstract) universe; he has simply not yet got the clue that will make its reason clear. He confronts the unknown with the optimism of a Victorian scientist."

THE HOLY WEEK LITURGY

CATHOLICS who recently participated in the restored Liturgy of Holy Week were enjoying the fruits of liturgical reforms that began decades ago. The canonized Pope Pius X, for example, took such major steps as the reform of Church music, the encouragement of frequent Communion, and the reduction in age for First Communion. In similar fashion, the present Pope has also carried forward a spirit of reform in the liturgy—reform that often consists more in restoration than in real change, for much of the work is in cutting away latter-day additions and superfluities. As a result of such efforts, Catholics in many areas are now able to take advantage of evening Mass; some are regularly able to participate in "dialogue" Mass; the new regulations for the Communion fast and increased pastoral emphasis on the subject lead many people to more frequent Communion.

In the liturgical reforms to date, one purpose has been clear: to remove barriers that might unintentionally prevent the people from reaching closer union with the altar and to make what the priest is doing more deeply meaningful to the laity. And with this general purpose in mind, it seems logical to hope that the recent restoration of the Holy Week Liturgy will lead to still further changes, such as the extension of the use of the vernacular wherever possible. During Holy Week, those who had English translations managed to follow the liturgy without too much difficulty. But they were

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in the minority, and it did seem that many portions of the Week's observances might well have been done in English. On such matters, the Church always—and wisely—does not rush. But on the basis of this year's experience, increased use of the vernacular would seem a very logical future development.

COMMUNIST PARTY TAXES

WHEN Internal Revenue agents seized Communist Party headquarters and the premises of the *Daily Worker,* District Director Donald R. Moysey, who apparently originated the action, described it as "just an ordinary case." Unfortunately, the very nature of the Party and the *Daily Worker* makes this something other than an ordinary case, and the seizures aroused more than ordinary responses. While judgments on the action were divided, and the government continued to state that this was a mere tax case, several newspapers and organizations saw the action as a threat to a free press.

There can be little doubt in anyone's mind that the seizure had a legal basis. The revenues of the Party itself were clearly open to legal inquiry, for it has never followed the procedure necessary for organizations that claimed tax exemption. The *Daily Worker,* which has had a dwindling circulation for years, states that it loses money each year. With this as justification, evidently, it chose not to file any income tax statement, although all corporations, whether they operate at a loss or not, are required to do so. The exemption must be claimed; it cannot simply be assumed.

Both the Party and its organ, the *Daily Worker,* have been in business long enough to know what they are about. As a writer to the New York *Times* argued cogently, one of the issues involved "seems to be an effort by the Communist Party to enlist public sympathy through the device of courting Government action by refusing to obey lays which have a general and universal application." Faced with the Party's deliberate refusal to comply with the statutes, the government was faced with a clear choice. It could recognize the Party's tactic as a bid for attention and sympathy and ignore it. Or it could insist on full compliance with the law.

The District Director evidently thought the second course of action the better. But the manner in which the seizure was directed was, to put it mildly, unfortunate. In closing down the newspaper's editorial and business offices while the tax questions were debated, the Treasury Department placed obstacles in the way of publication. Since there was no question of forbidding publication, the *Daily Worker* staff merely moved to another floor and continued to turn out the newspaper.

The results of the "ordinary case" are already becoming depressingly clear. Some commentators and columnists immediately hailed the crackdown as a severe blow to the Communists and praised the Treasury Department for using tax violations to penalize groups that slipped through loopholes of other laws. But most responsible commentators, including the most severe critics of the Communists, regretted the method used in forcing the Party to respect the law. The "extraordinary" nature of the *Daily Worker* and the dramatic manner in which its operation was interfered with make this far from the "ordinary case" it was said to be. That it is now treated as a censorship case, as a violation of the rights of the press, and not as the tax case it claims to be, is due to the officials of the Treasury Department who are responsible for the decision. A real issue has been obscured, if not actually misused.

Both here and abroad the Communists are able to turn this to their immediate benefit. Just before the raid, ironically enough, the *Daily Worker* declared: "We've been getting a lot of unexpected publicity these days and can use it to advantage." It could not have expected the windfall of publicity it now gains by exploiting the raid. For it can now masquerade as a vigorous, crusading organ rather than appear as the empty, venal thing it is. It can divert attention from its tortured explanations of the present Communist confusion. The raid, it is clear, could scarcely have been worse, either in the method or timing of its execution; it provides a singular example of the inept way to deal with the Communists in the United States.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

TO OFFSET the sharp criticism which has been leveled at his guided-missile program, Secretary of Defense Wilson recently appointed a "missiles czar," Mr. Edgar V. Murphree, who will be responsible for "the direction and coordination of guided-missiles research development, engineering and production." Mr. Murphree's appointment as "czar" is presumably Mr. Wilson's fulfillment of a pledge made several months ago, after the resignation of Assistant Air Force Secretary Gardner had dramatized his deep dissatisfaction with the Ad-

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ministration's refusal to put guided-missile development on a "crash" basis.

It must be understood, however, that Mr. Wilson uses the term *czar* almost facetiously; in the lexicon of General Motors, Mr. Murphree would be referred to as an expediter, and will be forced to rely more upon persuasiveness than upon power in discharging his new duties. Thus, in the likely event of an inter-service dispute, he will be outranked, not only by each of the service secretaries, but also by their deputies and assistants.

There is little reason to hope, then, that the new "missiles czar," despite the ambitious ring of his title, will be able to end the inter-service rivalries and consequent compromises which have already slowed the U.S. missile program down to a dangerous second-best compared to Russia's. There is, indeed, an unconscious irony in the Defense Department's announcement of Mr. Murphree's appointment, wherein it is stated that "if he becomes involved in an inter-service disagreement concerning matters within his authority, the Secretary of Defense will have final authority." It is, in part, Mr. Wilson's penchant for pirouetting on these "inter-service disagreements" which led to the very criticism he sought to assuage by creating a new official to head a coordinated program of missile development. Under these circumstances, the new "czar" looks to us suspiciously like an attendant lord to Prince Hamlet.

There are also indications that the Defense Department, under Mr. Wilson, is suffering not only from semantic whimsy, but also from selective deafness. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, calling for a balanced budget, comes across just fine, but somehow the highest Air Force authorities cannot be heard. General Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, was recently quoted by Stewart Alsop as saying that "the Soviets have long since passed us in quantity and are making remarkable strides in quality." On the same subject of Soviet air power, General White, Deputy Chief of Staff, declared that the Russians "have been and are outproducing us in all categories but medium bombers," and Lieutenant General Power, chief of the Air Research and Development Command, has recently spoken of the "very real and immediate danger" that Soviet quantitative and qualitative air superiority may rob the U.S. of its present deterrent force and place the country effectively at Russia's mercy. What these generals are saying, of course, is that the U.S. strategic air force, like its missile-program, is running a dangerous second-best to Russia's.

As this power-gap between the U.S. and Russia widens, the danger of thermonuclear warfare increases. It becomes constantly clearer that, at the present time, neither East nor West is prepared to offer or accept the sweeping type of disarmament proposals envisioned by Pope Pius XII in his Christmas Message; indeed, Russia has recently declared that any attempt to control nuclear arms at the present time is unrealistic. This fact underlines the Pontiff's recent description of the current atomic arms race as "suicidal madness," and also makes clear that the "race to the abyss" which he deplores would be accelerated rather than slowed by invincible Soviet superiority in nuclear weapons. Ironically, the power of the U.S. to wage an all-out atomic war seems at present the best pledge of peace, and it is in this light that the dire predictions of the generals should be read.

It may well be, of course, that history will show these Air Force spokesmen to have been misguided prophets of woe, and that, looking back from some point in the future, it will be clear that the U.S. was better served by having a balanced budget in 1956 than by having a massive striking force of intercontinental bombers costing eight million dollars each. Whichever side the future may support, however, we would rather, in this troubled present, risk being wrong with these generals than gamble on being right with Mr. Wilson.

THE TRANQUIL SURFACE

IN SOME circles, and not only in the South, it has become almost fashionable to attack the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, or the minister who led the Montgomery boycott, or anyone else who wants to push forward on desegregation. Such critics do not normally criticize any one particular action or decision, but give the impression that somehow or other interracial injustice would disappear if only people would quit pointing it out. One of the best answers to this line of reasoning, we think, was written by Father George H. Dunne, S.J., in an article in this magazine in 1946. ". . . I thought," Father Dunne wrote, "of all the fatuous talk that one hears about 'prudence' by people who have never read St. Thomas' discussion of the nature of prudence and who think that prudence means complacent acquiescence in evil, silence in the face of the betrayal of Christianity. Do not disturb the tranquil surface of the cesspool. That is the one great crime!"

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Tito's Triumph

"YUGOSLAVIA AND THE SOVIET UNION SHARE ONCE AGAIN A COMMON IDEOLOGICAL PLATFORM"

JOSEF KORBEL

IN NOVEMBER, 1948, four months after Yugoslavia had been expelled from the Cominform, I met Ales Bebler, Deputy Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, in Paris. I asked him what the chances were for reconciliation with Moscow. His reply was: "We hope for the best. But the Cominform countries have offended us so deeply that we could not simply return to the Cominform. Now, we put conditions for reconciliation: (1) Injustice done to us must be undone. (2) Our Partisan liberation movement and struggle must be recognized as a revolution of independent value. (3) The Party must retain the right to choose its leadership as it pleases."

It was apparent, therefore, in 1948, that if certain conditions were honored, Tito was ready to come back into the "fold."

As long as Stalin lived such a return was impossible. As late as October, 1952, at the Nineteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the Russian leaders continued to attack Tito as an imperialist agent and a traitor to Socialism. Six months later, however, Stalin was dead, and almost immediately these same people, now collective inheritors of his mantle, began to woo Yugoslavia with a policy of "normalization of relations." First, attacks against Yugoslavia in the Soviet press and radio were quieted and harassment on her borders stopped. A short time later, M. Khrushchev drank a surprise toast to "Comrade Tito"; still later, on the anniversary of the Yugoslav Republic, the Soviet papers paid tribute to the achievements of the Yugoslav Army of Liberation during the war. Next, short-term trade agreements were signed between Yugoslavia and Communist bloc countries.

In the past year the process of normalization picked up momentum. Long-term trade agreements not only promised a revival of intensive commerce between Yugoslavia and the Communist bloc, but also guaranteed indemnities to Yugoslavia for the hardships caused by suspension of trade in 1948. In May, 1955, Bulganin and Khrushchev paid their respects to Tito in Belgrade; indeed, they publicly apologized for the past and proclaimed Tito's policy as truly socialist. It was reported at that time that Khrushchev went to Belgrade with the express intention of getting the Yugoslav party to rejoin the Cominform, but in this Tito did not oblige him.

THUS, within the astonishingly short period of two years, Tito received from Moscow every demand that had been outlined to me by Bebler eight years before—without a return to Soviet subjugation.

But Khrushchev's visit was neither the final nor the most important step in this amazing process of normalization. Moscow and Belgrade were still far apart on important matters of ideology. The Belgrade Communist leaders had developed political concepts of their own, partially to strengthen their position against Moscow, and partially to allay the suspicions of the Western powers. They advocated the policy of coexistence, of national independence, of equality among nations. They spoke of a variety of roads leading to Socialism, and of cooperation with Social Democratic parties. They condemned Stalin's one-man dictatorship and, de-emphasizing Tito's authoritarian position, loudly asserted their method to be that of collective leadership. At the same time, however, they never deviated from the position that they were, and would continue to be, the true followers of Marx-Leninist teachings. This set of principles was labeled Titoism, as opposed to Stalinism.

The Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has recently endorsed all these points of Yugoslav political thought, thus bridging the ideological gap which had existed between the two parties. Tito, the well-trained Communist, realizes, of course, that this "about face" by the Soviets is principally a coldly calculated maneuver, designed to further the cause of world Communism. It is, nevertheless, a personal and political triumph for him. Indeed, when listening to Moscow's new voices, he must be amused to hear the words being sung to a tune with a Belgrade copyright.

Mr. Korbel, a member of the staff of the Social Science Foundation of the University of Denver, was Czechoslovakian Ambassador to Yugoslavia after World War II.

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There can be little doubt, then, that at this moment Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union share once again a common ideological platform. It would also appear that Yugoslavia has stepped into a new and significant role in the East-West struggle—a role basically opposed to that which some Western statesmen had assigned to Titoism when it first appeared.

Coexistence of the capitalist and Communist systems was the chief theme of the Twentieth Congress. With the West increasingly vigilant and militarily strong, the Soviet Union has thus made coexistence the principal thesis of its policy, without, however, repudiating its final aim of liquidating the existence of the free world by means other than violence.

THIS TERM, "coexistence," has been spreading like wild fire throughout the uncommitted countries. It has stirred the imaginations of millions of people; it has become that simple magic able to lead the tired world out of the darkness of a threatening war into the light of a secure peace. It is significant that the Yugoslav government has been one of the chief spokesmen for coexistence, and in this role has acquired a position of considerable influence in many countries of Asia and the Middle East. In fact, Yugoslavia officially aspired to serve as a link between the Bandung Conference nations and Europe. Tito knew that a simple declaration of the policy of coexistence is no real guarantee of peace, but he used the slogan to enhance the international position of Yugoslavia. Non-interference in internal affairs, equality of nations, territorial integrity—these were the principles voiced by Belgrade as it stood facing the Soviet pressures. These phrases were certain to arouse the sympathies of the non-Communist world, and they were all encompassed in the shibboleth of "coexistence."

Now, however, this shibboleth has been proclaimed by Moscow as an ideological substitute for the dogma of the inevitability of war; it has, therefore, suddenly taken on a different meaning for Yugoslavia. Tito no longer needs it as a defense against Soviet pressure, and can now turn it against the Western world, in full partnership with the Soviet Union. The bright torch of coexistence, beckoning simultaneously from Moscow, Belgrade, New Delhi, Cairo, and many other capitals, is sure to attract the fearful millions of the world, and to cast a long shadow over those who resist its deceitful light. The United States and other Western countries must expect to be increasingly maneuvered into a position where their refusal to subscribe to the principle of coexistence will seem to make them the enemies of peace.

Communist leaders in Moscow and Belgrade openly admit that they follow the policy of coexistence in a truly Marxist fashion—as a temporary expedient. M. Molotov put it clearly enough when he stated at the Twentieth Congress: "History has put on the agenda the question of peaceful coexistence between these [Socialist and capitalist] systems." The obvious implication is that Marxist dialectics may in the future delete the item of coexistence from Communist policy, for, in Molotov's words, Communists "go forward certain of [their] future successes and the triumph of Communism."

MEANWHILE, as long as this period of transition, the period of coexistence, continues, the Soviet and Yugoslav Communist parties may be expected to follow parallel policies. This strategy has been made possible by the Twentieth Congress' adroit subscription to the Yugoslav views. Moscow has now appealed to all Socialist parties for cooperation; she had, in fact, sought friendly contacts with the Social Democratic parties of Britain, France, Norway, Austria, the Netherlands, and Denmark even before the Twentieth Congress. It was Belgrade, however, that for years spared no effort in the attempt to develop close contacts with the Socialist parties in Europe and Asia. Indeed, were it not for American opposition, the Communist Yugoslav Trade Union would now be a member of the Free Trade Unions movement.

Furthermore, Moscow has endorsed the theory that every country is free to follow its own way to Socialism, (though this theory had been advanced for a short period already in 1947), and has admitted that the change from a capitalist to a Communist system need not necessarily be carried through by a violent revolutionary process. Certainly Yugoslavia, the old advocate of these very same principles, would now find it difficult not to cooperate closely with Soviet bloc countries.

This does not imply that Moscow would wish to see Yugoslavia integrated with the Cominform. Such a move would decisively weaken the far-reaching effects which it hopes to achieve in the free world by the adoption of the new, Belgrade-dated ideological line. Yugoslavia, as an independent Communist country, has now become a very important factor in

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Soviet strategy precisely because Titoism now assumes an entirely different place in the distribution of power between the free and Communist worlds. Before, some Western statesmen hopefully looked toward Titoism as a solution which could be applied in all of the captive nations. It was felt that, under the spell of Tito's success, the satellites would break away from Moscow, and the power of the Soviet Union would be pushed back within its geographical boundaries.

MARSHAL Tito also cherished the hope that the satellites might follow his example and produce their own national Communism. In the early years of the Moscow-Belgrade rift he even encouraged them by direct appeals. Their "titoization," he must have calculated, would relieve Yugoslavia of Soviet pressure and put him in a position of leadership among the other national Communist states.

There are indications that he spoke about this scheme with John Foster Dulles last November. They discussed "the problem of the states of Eastern Europe and were in common accord in recognizing the importance of the independence of those states, non-interference from outside in their internal affairs and the right to settle the social and economic order in ways of their own choice," as Mr. Dulles expressed it at a press conference. There can be little doubt what was on Tito's mind. He wished to see the idea of "titoization" of the satellites endorsed by the United States, a policy which would imply not only "non-interference" on the part of the Soviet Union, but also an abandonment of the American policy of liberation of the captive nations. At any rate, it was reported that Mr. Dulles was impressed with Tito's argument.

However, the Twentieth Congress has now identified itself with the Yugoslav brand of Communism. If, in its original implication, the West wished to use Titoism as a weapon against Russia, Moscow may now turn the weapon, re-forged by Communist dialectics, against the West. It may even export this Moscow-prefabricated Titoism to the captive nations and give them a semblance of independence. Indeed, this trend has been in the making since the summer of 1953, though without any relaxation of Moscow's firm grip over the satellites' affairs. In this regard it is significant that one major tenet of Titoism, namely, equality among the Socialist countries, was ignored by the Twentieth Congress.

THE COMMUNIST Parties of Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union do not, however, confine their present harmony to the field of ideology. For some time now they have followed parallel lines in all major international issues. The Soviets, for example, have been waging a relentless campaign against military blocs. Tito had expressed himself against NATO in 1953, convinced that the change in the Soviet foreign policy rendered NATO useless and even harmful. He has been less emphatic about the Soviet military bloc. Later, in December 1954, when on a visit to India,

he condemned SEATO; still later, last January, when returning from Egypt he sharply criticized the Baghdad Pact as a device actually creating "a possibility of an eventual conflict." On the same occasion he endorsed Egypt's decision to buy arms from Czechoslovakia. *Borba,* the official daily of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia, branded the Western powers as the real cause of the trouble in the Middle East, declaring that they "have accustomed themselves to regard the area between Asia and Africa as their own inheritance."

On many other major unsettled issues of today Belgrade shares the Moscow position. On the complex problem of disarmament Yugoslavia has repeatedly advocated an unconditional ban on atomic weapons. On the twin problems of European security and German reunification Yugoslavia has supported the Soviet proposals meant to keep Germany divided and would leave her eventual unification to negotiations between East and West Germany.

It is also a matter of record that on all questions of crucial importance to the East-West struggle, Yugoslavia has taken a position to which the United States is opposed. True, she continues to maintain her independent status and nurtures her useful relations with the West. One can still feel Tito's firm and bold hand in the conduct of her foreign policy. However, in the field of international power politics she stands today, clearly and by her own choice, on the Soviet side.

No one can predict how far this process of normalization in Soviet-Yugoslav relations will go and to what further extent it may affect the European situation. However, there are straws in the wind. The Yugoslav Trade Unions recently rejoined the Communist World Federation of Trade Unions. The return was staged very quietly, without fanfare. Another return is in the offing: Tito is to visit Moscow this spring. Undoubtedly he will be received with all the fanfare due to the triumphant return of a prodigal son. The occasion will probably furnish another key to the perplexing and uncomfortable enigma of Soviet-Yugoslav relations.

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Water, Power, and Politics

LAWRENCE T. KING

AMERICA'S historic westward migration has become a modern mass movement to California. In fifteen years—1940 to 1955—the state almost doubled its population, from 6,900,000 to 13,000,000. A population of 15,000,000 is regarded as a certainty by 1960, and by 1965 California is expected to replace New York as the most populous state in the union. This is a land where superlatives are commonplace and the word "spectacular" is used with monotonous regularity. But how else can one describe the phenomenon of California's growth?

When Father Junipero Serra and his Franciscans moved north from Mexico in 1769 to found the missions that were to become California's first settlements, he found agriculture non-existent. Today California leads the richest farming country of the world in the value of its agriculture, and in the field of light and heavy industry its advances have been no less outstanding. The result has been the creation of a diversified economy which has enabled the state to assume front rank in the nation in per capita income.

Unlike New York, Pennsylvania or Illinois, California has no climatic unity. Rich forests of fir, redwood and pine grow in the rain-plentiful north. The south is dry and desert-like. Mountains, sandwiched by incredibly fertile valleys, honeycomb the entire state. Much of the eastern part is still a wilderness, passed up by the thousands lured daily by the magic of the coastal cities where, as the Chamber of Commerce publicists put it, "ocean, desert and mountains are within an hour's driving distance."

Southern California's sun and lack of precipitation have been publicized so successfully that in a span of twenty years the little city of Los Angeles and its environs have grown into a sprawling metropolis of 3,000,000, the third largest in the United States. And the metropolitan area of San Diego has grown from 80,000 to 750,000! But if having plenty of sun and little rain exerts a powerful attraction for industries and individuals, it also poses serious problems which throw a dark shadow over the state's future. These problems all have to do with water and its equally vital modern adjunct, electricity.

Californians have performed tremendous feats of hydraulic engineering in tapping the mighty Colorado River and carrying its waters to the cities and farms of Southern California three hundred miles away. Southern California today is a lush, semi-tropical garden because of this imported water. Without it, the land would return to desert. This prospect is frightening, and it haunts the dreams of those who have staked their fortunes on California's future.

Second only to water is the problem of power; the state's electric needs have doubled in the last decade, and they can be expected to double again in the next ten years. The interdependence of the problems of water and of power was dramatically illustrated during the great drought and power famine of 1948. Streams and rivers dried up, reservoir supplies sank to dangerously low levels, power generation was curtailed drastically, and tens of thousands were thrown out of work during the period of the nine-month emergency. But the crisis had one good effect; it did shake the complacency of some Californians who had come to regard cheap power and inexhaustible natural resources as the keystone of the state's economy.

THE Pacific Gas & Electric Co., formed by the consolidation of some four hundred and fifty local water and power companies, is one of the country's most powerful utilities. For years it has fought public development of California's water and power potential. The extent of the company's influence in the state can be gauged by the vigor of the opposition that has always existed in the Legislature to governmental proposals—either on the state or federal level—to bring some order out of the chaos resulting from the lack of a unified program on natural resources.

The storm center of the controversy right now is the gigantic Central Valley Project, which dwarfs the more publicized TVA. What is involved is not simply another version of the running battle between the proponents of private and public power, but a much more complex dispute, involving the conflicting claims of the family-type farms and large landowners for irrigation waters, the rivalry between cities and agricultural areas over water priorities, and the issue of the project's ultimate control.

The Central Valley is five hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide. It is enclosed by the Sierra Nevada range on the east and the Coast Range on

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the west; on the north it is shut off by the Klamath Mountains and on the south by the Tehachapi Range. Two million people live in the valley, either on farms or in its sixty-three cities and towns. The valley contains about half of the state's water resources and virtually all the state's remaining hydro-electric potential. Last year, its agricultural produce was valued at a billion dollars, exceeded by only three states. Despite the coastal area's importance in terms of population, the Central Valley is the true heartland of California. Here are located the water and power sources to which the state must look in the future.

The Central Valley Project was conceived by William Hammond Hall, the first state engineer, in 1874—thirty years before the federal government had any land reclamation program. His efforts to induce the state to undertake a coordinated water development plan in the valley were blocked by the Southern Pacific Co., which owned most of the land involved and held a virtual monopoly over riparian rights. The valley has been the center of controversy ever since.

At various times, state agencies turned their attention to the valley. Plans were drafted to improve the river system, but they came into conflict with the power rights of the utilities which had staked out most of the dam sites. Proposals to obtain irrigation water for small farms were abandoned after the land companies threatened endless litigation. Drainage projects were proposed but aroused the hostility of the municipalities.

So many interests were involved that any single improvement plan upset the delicate balance that had been achieved among them over the years. It became apparent that a piecemeal approach would never work. Finally, a group of conservationists began a campaign for comprehensive state development of the valley. Legislation was introduced at Sacramento in 1921 but failed of passage by a few votes.

It was not until 1933 that the Legislature passed the Central Valley Project Act, providing for the issuance of one hundred and seventy million dollars in bonds to finance the program. The private utilities, which had succeeded in blocking all previous development plans, immediately launched a drive for a referendum. On Dec. 19, 1933, the voters approved the measure, but when the state made no attempt to sell the bonds after the election, it became apparent that California had enacted a program it could not finance. California thereupon turned to the federal government, then in the midst of a vigorous hydro-electric development program. President Roosevelt approved the project, Congress appropriated twelve million dollars to start it, and Congressional appropriations have been continued ever since. By the time the project is completed, it is estimated that the federal government will have spent two billion dollars on it.

The project was started in 1935 by the Reclamation Bureau as a fifty-year undertaking, but engineers now expect completion long before the target date. The comprehensive plan includes thirty-eight major reservoirs, twenty-eight hydro-electric power plants producing eight million kilowatt hours of electricity a year (enough for more than five million homes), and

hundreds of miles of main canals and thousands of miles of laterals and drains to make water available for two million acres of presently irrigated land and to open three million additional acres to irrigation. When fully completed, the project will add two hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year to California's productive wealth. At the present rate of return from water and power from existing CVP components, the project will pay for itself by 1985. In terms of flood control and conservation of resources, its value is inestimable.

WHY then, should such a project be the focal point of controversy? The power companies have long opposed it on the grounds that it represents governmental invasion of a field that belongs to private interests. But with CVP by this time well on its way to completion, there has been a shift in the utilities' strategy. Now their efforts are being concentrated on inducing the federal government to divest itself of its power operations.

When the Hoover Commission task force on water and power resources held a hearing in Los Angeles last year, a spokesman for Pacific Gas & Electric said his company was willing to help the government get out of the power business to the extent of offering one hundred million dollars for the generating facilities of CVP. Such an arrangement, of course, would make private corporations the beneficiary of public tax funds.

The Reclamation Act of 1902 restricts water from Reclamation Bureau projects to a maximum of one hundred and sixty acres. This restriction was inserted in the act to distribute reclamation waters as widely as possible and to prevent large landowners from monopolizing irrigation benefits. In the last twenty years, however, there has been an accelerated trend toward the "factory in the field" type of agriculture. Farms of one thousand acres or more, employing hundreds—and, in some cases, thousands—of seasonal migratory workers, are now commonplace.

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These corporate farms, which exert a tremendous influence in the state, have formed an alliance with the private utilities directed at gaining control of CVP.

Ever since the Administration's "partnership theory" on power resources was proclaimed in Washington, there has been a growing movement in California to have the state take over CVP. A report submitted to the Legislature last year by the state engineer proposed the purchase of CVP facilities and completion of the project by the state. Recently the State Water Authority made the same recommendation. While California's Congressional delegation continues to press for maximum federal appropriations to complete the project, state authorities are conducting negotiations with the Interior Secretary on a feasible plan for its transfer to California.

For public consumption the corporate farm organizations and the farm interests put out material which links CVP to "creeping socialism" and plugs for state control of the project. But if government control is the nemesis, why the preference for the state over the federal government? One does not have to be a cynic to believe it is because the state Legislature would be more receptive to lobbies. State control of CVP would mean that a simple act of the Legislature could transfer its power generating facilities to private interests. It would also mean the end of the one hundred and sixty-acre federal limitation on the use of irrigation water.

PERHAPS the most amazing aspect of the entire situation is the fact that so many Californians have allowed themselves to be sold a bill of goods on the necessity of state control of a project that is still years away from completion—and one that is administered under laws guaranteeing the maximum benefits for the greatest number of people. State control will not add a gallon of water to arid lands or produce an extra kilowatt of electricity. And the state funds that would be required to purchase CVP could be used to initiate a comprehensive water development plan for the entire state.

The desperate need for such a plan was demonstrated during the disastrous floods that struck Northern California during Christmas week. They came at a time when municipal water groups in Southern California were holding emergency meetings to cope with a serious water shortage.

Certainly a state that has the wealth to purchase a facility of the magnitude of CVP could not expect to convince Congress to give serious consideration to requests for future federal projects. Yet after the recent floods California's powerful Congressional delegation did not hesitate to run to Congress to demand increased federal appropriations for flood control projects. To build dams to control floods and to ignore the interrelated problems of water conservation—power production, irrigation, navigation, saline intrusion and watershed management—would be grossly inefficient and wasteful, especially at a time when the greatest roadblock to the state's expanding economy is a serious water and power shortage.

Lieutenant Governor Harold Powers recently said California could support a population of fifty million if its resources were developed wisely. There are many who agree with that view. There are others, however, who contend this optimism is based on the unprecedented prosperity California is now enjoying. They recall the consternation that gripped the state during the mild business recession of 1949 when the unemployment rate rose to fourteen per cent, twice that of the country as a whole. Earl Warren, then governor, said the state must undertake a rapid development of all its resources, especially its sources of energy, if the state were to meet the challenge of the future. Seven years later Californians are still talking about such a program. California's failure to develop a water program of its own has made the state increasingly dependent upon the Colorado River, virtually the only source of water for seven other Western states, and its skyrocketing demands have aligned the other states against what has become known as "California water imperialism."

On the national level, CVP has been attacked—as was TVA—on the grounds that the nation as a whole is being forced to pay for development projects that aid a special section of the country. The word "subsidy" is often used in this connection with the implication that wealth is being transferred from one segment to another without any apparent benefit to the segment that is helping to foot the bill.

Such an argument ignores the fact that projects of the type of CVP are self-liquidating and the funds expended on them are actually recovered. When you take an entire valley, harness its rampaging rivers to produce electricity and water for farms and industry, contour its slopes, husband its natural resources, prevent floods, revitalize its soil—a project of that sort creates the kind of wealth that aids the nation as well as the region.

This is the kind of hard, productive wealth that California needs at the present time to meet the challenge of its expanding economy. Piecemeal development will not achieve it. What is needed is a comprehensive plan to supplement the Central Valley Project that would develop the state's resources to their maximum long-range capacity. Otherwise the day is coming when California's population will be greater than its present resources can sustain—and the vision of plenty that is attracting two thousand new inhabitants to the state each day might turn into an awful mirage.

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THE SCREEN

MALICE IN WONDERLAND

FORTUNATELY, at the springtime of the year, studios are releasing a flock of outdoor films, films which have for their settings the great open spaces which beckon us even if their characters don't. The setting for "Jubal" is a well-kept, realistically presented ranch in the Rockies. But the similarities to real life are few. For although Director Delmer Daves' good cast turn in realistic portrayals, the story (stemming from a novel by Paul I. Wellman) tends toward hoked-up melodrama. The ranch-hand villain, whose Iago-like malice is emphasized by Rod Steiger's sneer and drawl, suggests to the big-hearted but uncouth ranch owner (Ernest Borgnine) that something is going on between the ranch owner's wife (attractive newcomer Valerie French) and the new ranch foreman (Glenn Ford). Something *is* going on: Valerie, who hates her husband, had accepted Rod's attentions until nice, clean-cut Glenn showed up. Then she developed a yen for Glenn who spurned her advances. Borgnine guns for Glenn; and this leads to violence in a big way. "Jubal" has its tense moments, but its scenery, beautifully photographed in CinemaScope and Technicolor, would have been more attractive if it hadn't been so cluttered up with man's wickedness.

THE same might be said about "Tribute to a Bad Man," which uses CinemaScope and Eastman Color to bring us its fine locale near Laramie. The naive young fellow (Don Dubbins) from Pennsylvania discovers wranglers who are violent toward beasts and men alike. James Cagney, acting like sort of a monarch of all he surveys, owns most of the land around here and so many horses he can't count 'em. He's pretty tough with anyone who crosses him, as gentle Don realizes when Cagney beats Stephen McNally to a pulp, hangs a horse thief and cruelly forces three men, who crippled some mares, to walk shoeless mile after mile across country. As directed by Robert Wise, some of "Tribute to a Bad Man" is quite effective, especially the relationships between young Dubbins and the other people involved in this sordid drama: the despotic Cagney who insists, "I'm the only law I've got"; Irene Papas as the woman who lives with Cagney and deplores his hanging fever; and all the rest who push this boy into manhood. The parts, however, are more effective than the whole.

GOING south from this territory, we come to Arizona and Texas, where "Backlash" carries on a plot that is much more complicated than that of most westerns. Richard Widmark is looking for his father, and Donna Reed is looking for her husband; the missing persons may have been massacred by the Apaches, or one of them may be the single person who escaped the massacre under not-too-honorable circumstances. While giving us plenty of rough and tumble, Director Sturges also manages to build up some exciting suspense. Perhaps a few of the episodes are too obviously red herrings, but the mystery is well sustained; and the good cast, which also includes William Campbell, John McIntire and Barton MacLane, keep us interested right up to the final gun fight.

IT'S A pleasure to report an outdoor movie that has vitality and life without the gun slinging and trumped-up violence of most westerns. "Come Next Spring" is about farmers in Arkansas, one in particular (Steve Cochran) who walked out on his family some eight years ago and now returns, a reformed drunk who hopes to take up where he left off. His wife (Ann Sheridan) isn't too glad to see him. His little boy (Richard Eyer) is delighted. And his mute daughter (Sherry Jackson) is confused about this casual stranger. What happens on this farm, where Ann suspiciously treats Steve like a hired man and the children slowly learn to know and like their father, and what happens in town where the folk begin to accept Steve's reform and good intentions is told in good cinema terms without exaggeration or gush. Realizing that he had subject matter that verged on a tear-jerker, Director R. G. Springsteen insisted on realism and simplicity from his cast, and he got excellent performances. Perhaps because "Come Next Spring" never tries to be fancy, it succeeds more than most films in capturing the spirit of farm life. While it agrees that good fences make good neighbors, it also insists that good neighbors know how to meet over fences.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"FREUD, CATHOLICS, AND CULTURE"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: At the risk of sounding like the rustle of one of Father Daly's "aseptic shades," and in a spirit of admiration of his own dialectic as unfolded in "Freud, Catholics, and Culture" [March 9], I should like to express some little uneasiness over his conclusion vis-à-vis the mass-product of "our Catholic educational machinery"; rather, not over his conclusion, but over the cause to which he ascribes the general lack

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of distinction, and specific inarticulateness, of this product.

It seems to me that, whatever the cause, it can hardly be the Scholastic modality of thought and expression, since I very much doubt that, until recent years at any rate, Scholasticism has had a chance to influence most of our undergraduates one way or another. I simply can't believe (I suppose because I have never observed it to be a fact) that, out of a total of sixteen years of Catholic schooling, one enforced semester of logic, another of ethics, a year of history of philosophy grudgingly accommodated into a full program of vocational major and minor subjects, plus maybe an elective or two almost never elected, are going to modify the Catholic student's personality to the disastrous degree posited by Father Daly. Under the most favorable (or unfavorable, depending upon the viewpoint) circumstances, the number of students specializing in Scholastic philosophy (excluding the young men destined for Holy Orders) is altogether negligible. And the introduction of a theological discipline on the undergraduate level, to the end of instilling the virtue of wisdom, is of such recent origin that its effects on the idiom and personality of those involved cannot possibly be assessed for at least another generation.

Besides, it seems to me that products of Catholic schools have no monopoly on mediocrity. There is sufficient agitation, on the part of responsible citizens outside the Church, about pedagogical practices in our public schools and state universities to suggest that we must look elsewhere than to the Scholastic method for the villain of the piece. Actually, in most of these current studies, the Catholic educational "machinery," if it is adverted to at all, comes off rather better than its secular counterpart.

As for Catholic writing, well, in one capacity or another I have handled hundreds of published books and unpublishable manuscripts by cradle Catholics, but I do not remember encountering one whose author was "gagged" from effectively telling his story "by the school-conditioned conviction that it tells itself when the approved words are lined up in the usual [inferentially Thomistic] order." I have seen plenty of formless, disordered, narcissistic writing, and many's the time that a dip into the *S.T.* or the *S.C.G.* would have been by comparison as refreshing as that drop of water which Father Abraham denied the rich man down in Hell. But I should incline to attribute this condition, not to a Thomistic brainwashing, but rather to the deliquescence, during the past five centuries, of Catholic scholarship and especially of Catholic taste and technique in the creative area—an observable and tragic consequence of the Protestant revolt from which we have not yet recovered. We may have the *habitus* or virtue of art, but our hand still "trembles." (This is Dante's word, not Father Daly's.) In this purview it is the job of Catholic schools to steady the hand, form the spirit, inform the taste, discipline the mind and heart, of those for whom they are responsible.

It might also be argued that when it is a question of communicating "religious insights," congenital Catholics are handicapped at the outset. However emancipated and non-conformist their personality and non-Scholastic their expression, born Catholics can never know the *erste Tag* sensation of *becoming* a Catholic. Second, third, or fourth conversions are simply not good copy. And, incidentally, there is a lot of bad convert-writing, most of which never gets into print.

By all means, let those qualified get on with a synthesis of traditional Catholic philosophy and the newer speculations. St. Thomas himself suggested plenty of directions that subsequent work might take. Let's substitute a new vocabulary, or two or three, if that would help. Certain it is that the Scholastic modality, unless skillfully motivated and transmitted, has its hazards for the victim; but there are also difficulties in a wholesale espousal of what I might call Neo-Illuminism. . . .

MARY ELLEN EVANS.

St. Albans, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Reputable commentators on Freud lead me to believe that Father Daly is mistaken in saying that "although we [Catholics] use terminology different from Trilling's and Freud's, all of us are saying the same thing" [March 9]. Since Freud denies the reality of spirit, the "soul" and "biological selves" are quite different *things*. Moreover, the passion for clarity is not characteristic of the great Scholastics, but a lingering legacy of Descartes.

(Rev.) VINCENT A. BROWN.

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Although Father Daly's article on "Freud, Catholics, and Culture," [March 9] was interesting, I would like to disagree with one of its propositions.

Father Daly says that "scholastic training and terminology . . . [have caused] the loss of personal and specific comment on common experience," and praises "romantic" expression for establishing this warmth. This assumption that the classical style breeds rigidity of thought strikes me as shallow, and almost a precise reversal of the truth. Style is a reflection of a man's thinking, not the cause. Vigorous, independent thought will fire the reader—and dispel the coldness which Father Daly rightly criticizes—regardless of whether the writer is "classical" or "romantic" in his prose manner; thus, a sonnet of Milton may touch us, while a Swinburnian rhapsody leaves us cold. The real issue is not in the verbal tools, but in the spirit of the workman who is using them.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY

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The "Poor Sod" As Hero

SAM HYNES

SINCE the end of World War II, critics in England, like their American counterparts, have been waiting, sometimes rather anxiously, for the Postwar Novel to appear. Their expectations, and their anxiety, are understandable if one thinks in terms of analogies to the decade after World War I. The first World War had brought tremendous social, moral and intellectual changes to England, but it had also produced its Lost Generation to express those changes. The second World War had been as cataclysmic, but where was its "generation"?

For almost ten years after the war, no such generation appeared, at least not in print. The best English novels of the period, and there were some very good ones, were by established writers like Elizabeth Bowen and Graham Greene, or by novelists like L. P. Hartley and C. P. Snow, men who had been writing before the war, though they achieved their first real success after it. There were no noteworthy newcomers on the literary scene.

But in the last few years there have appeared a number of novels which are both strikingly like one another, and unlike anything pre-war—enough novels by now to suggest that perhaps the post-war mood has at last found its voice. A few—John Wain's *Born in Captivity,* P. H. Newby's *The Picnic at Sakkara,* and Dylan Thomas' brilliant fragment, *Adventures in the Skin Trade*—have also appeared in the United States. But these few have not been enough to suggest to American readers the existence of what amounts to a new English form—what one might call, quoting the epigraph to *Born in Captivity,* the "Poor Sod School." This epigraph, a brilliant perversion of Wordsworth, reads: "A Moralist perchance appears;/Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod"; it defines succinctly both the nature of the hero and the role of the author in relation to him.

To get a full picture of what is happening in the English novel these days, one should add to the above list Wain's second novel, *Living in the Present,* Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling* (of which I shall say more later), and D. J. Enright's *Academic Year.* Read together, these novels offer a fascinating, if somewhat unsettling view of the post-war intellectual climate in England.

Mr. Hynes, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, is a member of the English faculty at Swarthmore.

Like Virginia Woolf, and most of the more fashionable and influential English novelists of the thirties, the "Poor Sod" school writes novels of sensibility: they are concerned with the inner emotional life of single characters, with subjective responses to events rather than with the events themselves. But there the similarity ends, and in fact it might be more accurate to call the younger writers "anti-Woolfian," for they are concerned with an aspect of sensibility that would never have occurred to Mrs. Woolf—the comic view of the sensitive soul.

IF THE two decades before the last war were, as one reads, "a period when sensibility was valued," the post-war group seems to suggest that it was valued too highly, or at least taken too seriously. If one may regard the hyper-acute sensibility as a virtue, as Virginia Woolf did, and write *Mrs. Dalloway,* one may also see it as a discountenancing abnormality of little social value, as Kingsley Amis does, and come up with *Lucky Jim.* It all depends on one's point of view.

It also depends on the kind of world into which the "sensibility" is shoved. Mrs. Dalloway is defined by an adequate income, a secure position in society, and the values which we associate with Bloomsbury—art, gentility, good manners. That world died in the war, perhaps symbolically, with the suicide of Mrs. Woolf. It has been succeeded by what seems its opposite—the post-war, Welfare-State world, a monster of austerity, uncertainty and mediocrity, of petty anxieties and unrelieved tedium. It is this world in which the Poor Sod School operates; they live in it, and they write about it, and in writing about it they define and judge it. It is worth remarking that they are the only important English novelists who *are* writing about their own time; the others seem to have succumbed to an uncontrollable nostalgia for earlier, less unpleasant times—hence the numbers of retrospective novels of early childhood which have appeared in the last decade. (It is interesting that contemporary American novelists, not burdened with the post-war monster, have not turned to their own pasts for materials in the way that the English have.)

The similarities linking the new English novels lie in their striking resemblances of tone, situation, and characters. They are generally set in lower-middle

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class, provincial, urban surroundings. Characteristic scenes take place in the public bars of the bleaker city pubs, in shabby rooming-houses (the landlady is a recurrent symbol of malevolent authority), and in the dreary classes and common rooms of provincial schools and universities. The pervading odors are of soft coal smoke, seven-penny beer, and occasionally of diapers. For novels of *déclassé* sensibility like these, the setting is perfect, but depressing.

Perhaps even more striking are the resemblances among the heroes who emerge as a single type—the Poor Sod himself, the postwar Everyman. One can rather easily infer his circumstances and progress from the two titles which John Wain gave to his first novel: he called it *Hurry on Down* in England, and in America, *Born in Captivity*; the hero, that is to say, is trapped by nature in a prison which is partly the welfare state, and partly his own social and psychological situation; his progress through the novels is through a series of ludicrous and usually humiliating prat-falls to a resolution that is either a cynical submission to the prison rules (this is Wain's line), or a kind of victory via escape—which may in itself seem a defeat. In either case, the forces which work upon him are humiliating, abrasive, and overpowering.

Even the particulars of the Poor Sod's situation are predictable. He is young, down from the university since the war, and stuck with a marginal academic job for which he is neither suited nor enthusiastic. This similarity of situation points to the striking similarities of background of the novelists themselves: Amis, Wain, Enright and Newby are all now, or have been, university lecturers, either in the English provincial universities or—in the case of the latter two—in their Egyptian equivalent. Most of them are also poets and critics, and occasionally these talents appear parenthetically in the novels, in poetic allusions and in bright parody, and, more pervasively, in a crackling verbal wit which often sounds like that of their apparent mentor, William Empson.

UNLIKE his authors, however, the Poor Sod is neither successful nor competent; he is, in fact, quite the opposite—fumbling, insecure, poor, harassed, and guilty. His aspirations are simple, but unelevating: to get a better job (or to keep the one he has), to revenge himself upon his oppressors (he always has plenty), and to manage the price of a pint. He is amorous, but inept; he desires love, but is astonished when he finds it, and he does not distinguish very carefully between love and his natural lechery. "For love," Wain wrote in a poem, "we find both delicate and crude"; this defines the situation in most of the novels of this group.

The Poor Sod is also, and this is perhaps most characteristic of him, intensely self-conscious. This is not, however, the solemn introspection of the earlier novels of sensibility, once described as the "young-man-sick-in-basin school." The fundamental difference is not that he is less introspective, but that the Poor Sod's inward glance reveals a vacuum, with perhaps a toad in it, and that the Poor Sod himself shares with the reader sufficient detachment to see that introspection in such circumstances is in itself rather farcical.

The Sod's self-consciousness is also different in that it reveals to him no single self, no inviolable private identity. The hero is a fragmented being, his personality the sum of possible attitudes (the dust jacket of *Born in Captivity* expressed this facet of the novel by offering a series of paper-doll images of the various personalities which the hero assumes in the course of the novel). Given the hero's depressed situation, it is obvious that serious expression of his self-examination or of his attitudes is impossible. He finds instead comic outlet, like that of Jim in *Lucky Jim,* who can only express his hostilities, resentments, and occasional joys by making surreptitious faces. In the course of the novel he runs through a considerable repertoire—his shot-in-the-back face, his tragic-mask, Chinese mandarin, crazy peasant, Martian invader, Eskimo, lemon-sucking, mandrill, and Evelyn Waugh faces. In the end, with the beautiful girl astonishingly in his arms, his mode of expression fails him; the best he can do is his "sex life in Ancient Rome" face. Like love, the device is both delicate and crude; it is also brilliantly funny.

Lucky Jim has not yet been published in America; this is an unfortunate omission, since it is the funniest English novel in many years. It is also valuable as a prologue to Amis' second novel, *That Uncertain Feeling,* which has just been published by Harcourt, Brace. *That Uncertain Feeling* is a more serious novel than the first, but the reader who is not prepared for the Amis variety of comedy may be so delighted by the dazzling humor of, for example, the parody of Dylan Thomas, or the transvestite episode, that he will miss the seriousness of the whole thing.

The novel, like its fellow, has a Poor Sod hero—John Lewis, an assistant librarian in a Welsh city. Lewis has all the characteristics of the Sod—he is poor, insecure, incompetent, and obsessed with the female figure. He is, like Lucky Jim, a multiple personality, fascinated by his own fragmentation. "When nothing's going on or likely to start going on," he confesses, "I start practicing certain poses and tones and phrases,

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for no very clear reason." Actually, the reason is usually a woman; in the last chapter, trying out a new smile on a neighbor's wife, he thinks, "It was like old times, back with my roles again."

THE "uncertain feeling" which bothers Lewis combines, he says, "rootless apprehension, indefinite restlessness, and inactivating boredom." Later he adds "a slight tinge . . . of uneasiness and inert, generalized lust." These are the defining characteristics of the Poor Sod and, by extension, of post-war, welfare-state man in general. In Lewis' case, the restlessness and boredom are the effects of his job in the library, his penury, and his complete lack of inner resources. The apprehension arises from his candidacy for a better job that he knows he doesn't deserve. The lust is partly the by-product of the boredom, and partly a last dim assertion of his manhood; it provides him with continual matter for speculation, and some of the funniest passages in the book are his thoughts about advertising art and girl tennis-players.

Apprehension combines with lust when Lewis enters into an affair with the handsome and amorous wife of the chairman of the Libraries Committee. The liaison, he sees, will either get him a job that he doesn't deserve, or it will lose him both his job and his wife. Neither alternative attracts him, and the uncertain feeling increases.

In the end, Lewis' Better Self triumphs, and he manages to escape his dilemma by withdrawing from the scene. This method of dealing with difficulties is significant, for it is one which Lewis shares with most of his fellow Sods. In the last chapter, Lewis' wife asks, "Don't you feel you're running away, though?" "Yes, I do, thank God," Lewis replies. Then he continues, "This isn't like you, angel, getting all tied up with the word. . . You want to forget about 'running away' being what people say about armies retreating and deserters and so on. This isn't like that. Our kind of running away was a stroke of bloody genius. It's always the best thing to do in that kind of situation, provided you can do it." There is not much heroism here, although there is a good deal of common sense. The powers which society and circumstance exert are conceded, and the hero is content to make any compromise he can.

Even at that, the permanence of the Triumph of Right is left rather doubtful. Having made his decision, Lewis thinks: "Since I seemed to have piloted myself into the position of being immoral and moral at the same time, the thing to do was to keep trying not to be immoral, and then to keep trying might turn into a habit. I was always, at least until I reached the climacteric, going to get pulled two ways, and keeping the pull from going the wrong way, or trying to, would have to take the place, for me, of stability and consistency. Not giving up was the important thing."

The uncertain feeling from which poor Lewis suffers is, at the most obvious, this recognition of his susceptibility to the temptations of the flesh. It is in these terms that the highest comedy of the novel operates. But the uncertainty expands outward from this center, to include all of modern man's associations, and all of his values. In Lewis' world there is no uncertainty at all, except the certainty of feeling uncertain. In this he is representative of his time—the rootless, valueless, anxious man. The question which faces him is *the* question of our time: how, without moral sanctions, can a man act and, more important, how can he act well? Lewis' answer, that "not giving up was the important thing," is in his circumstances a courageous one, though it is also a desperate and fragile morality.

IT SHOULD be obvious from these remarks that the Poor Sod novelist is, as Wain's epigraph suggests, a "Moralist," but a moralist in a peculiar situation, having to deal with an apparently amoral, or perhaps immoral world. In all the Poor Sod novels the problem is essentially the same—the search for values by which to live and act, and the struggle to make one's values in some minute way effective in what Newby calls "the twentieth-century arena." The odds against effectiveness are astronomical, and, in fact, no one in any of the novels achieves anything worthwhile through positive, direct action. It is only in the Sod's unreasonable determination to remain his own private, disorganized self that he can be said to triumph. Against the combined forces of bureaucracy, conformity and mediocrity he remains the quixotic clown, giving to the world—this is John Lewis' gesture—"the English snooks (left hand to nose with fingers extended, right hand subjoined with fingers extended)." Nose-thumbing may not be an ultimately heroic gesture, but it's all the Poor Sod has, and in a way it is enough.

One immediately recognizes, upon reading Amis and the others, that these novelists have restored something valuable to the English novel, something which has been too long absent. This something is that keen sense of the farcical, improbable side of human experience which we call the picaresque. The novels are often marvelously comic, always violently active and adventurous, and in short, great fun; that they are also serious is not surprising, if one considers the English comic tradition in which they exist.

Whether the present vein of humor will continue to be productive is another question. But whatever the future, it is clear that in the Poor Sod School, England has already found freshly humorous and original voices for her "brave new world"; future judgments of the English novel will have to take them seriously.

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A Cunning and Curious Dramatization

THE MALEFACTORS. By Caroline Gordon. Harcourt. $3.95

By JOHN W. SIMONS

MISS Caroline Gordon, whose novels and short stories have always been remarkable for their subtle poetic essence and vigilant craftsmanship, has never to this reviewer's knowledge attained the neon glories of best-sellerdom. It is barely possible that with the publication of her eighth novel, *The Malefactors,* she may be called upon to endure the wider success, for it deals with a theme which perversely attracts an age of almost official cynicism. It is the theme of conversion. The central figure of *The Malefactors* is a poet who, approaching middle age and seemingly forsaken by his muse, makes the discovery of Christ.

The poet, when we meet him, is forty-seven years old. For a dozen years he has written nothing of account. He is living on the income of his wealthy wife on a farm property in Pennsylvania's Bucks County—the penultimate of Eden, it would seem, of reflective or refuted artists. When the novel opens we are about to attend what the poet's wife calls a *fête,* a sort of middle-sized cattle-and-produce exhibit, of which she is patroness. The *fête* gives the novelist the opportunity to introduce the chief actors in her drama. In the meantime, through a series of deft throwbacks, we come to know the antecedent life of the protagonist, the seasons of his hopes and aridities, and something of the shape of his present disenchantment.

Tom Claiborne, a casually reared Southerner, was a highly intelligent, preternaturally gifted young man who, after he had left college and served his term in the first World War, decided on the career of poet. His early verse was enthusiastically praised by Horne Watts, an expatriate American poet of pronounced genius, who hailed the neophyte as "the new Laforgue." When circumstances arrange themselves, Claiborne accepts the invitation to join his circle in Paris. Horne the poet and Max Shull the painter are living, the newcomer discovers, in a homosexual relationship. Claiborne, though he himself is not "that way," retains the uneasy friendship of both. Later, after a period of mounting disorientation, Horne Watts, who had just completed his major poetic effort, *Pontifex,* "leaped to his death from the deck of an Atlantic steamer." Horne Watts is the literary evocation and transmutation of the actual poet Hart Crane.

Claiborne stayed on in Paris for some years editing an *avant-garde* literary journal called *Spectra.* In the meantime he had married Vera Vincent, daughter of a crazed painter, Carlo Vincent, who had, like Watts, taken his own life. Vera, deeply attached to her father, experiences a grave sense of insecurity. It becomes the more pronounced after her father's death, but she has an innocent confidence that Claiborne can redeem her from her inarticulate fears. He is incapable of meeting the exactions of her spirit, and their life together, on the surface at least, is one of sufferance rather than of love.

Tom Claiborne, accompanied by his wife, returns to New York, and for a time he continues to edit *Spectra* from that point. With the same abruptness, however, that he had quit Paris he withdraws from the journal entirely. These sudden and apparently inexplicable moves are indications of a profound *malaise.* But the move to Blencker's Brook has not solved anything, and the years pass by in idleness and sterility. The presence of Max Shull alleviates to some extent the boredom of his wife but only serves to exacerbate his own. During the time of the preparations for the *fête* Claiborne has a premonition that "something of enormous importance is about to happen." It is a premonition, none the less, which he hastens to reject.

We have arrived at the point at which the main action of the novel is set in motion. A reviewer, if he is to be sportsmanlike, must not attempt the complete—and inevitably traitorous — condensation. This is a special danger when the novel is as cunningly and curiously wrought as the one under consideration, where almost nothing fortuitous or gratuitous is allowed entrance. It is enough to say that Tom Claiborne, after a period of *longueurs,* futilities, and indirections, ultimately discovers God Himself. Or, to put it another way, he becomes the frantic victim of a Divine ambuscade, and, being caught, finds himself and his fellows. From the point of view of art, however, what matters is less what happens than the strategy by which it is accomplished—the power of poetry by which the originating vision is sustained and subdued, and through which the reader is compelled to a clear-eyed acquiescence.

Before commenting on this strategy it is only fair that the reviewer confess the difficulties he has always experienced in giving his assent to dramatizations of conversion. A conversion is admittedly a special invasion of Grace into a particular life. If the artist, in his effort to summon the mystery, gives a maximum plausibility to the motives and conditions leading up to conversion he risks an attenuation of the essentially free character of Grace. If he gives a maximum permissiveness to Grace he risks making his character seem the puppet of Grace. In this case it is the art which seems implausible, for God becomes an almost literal *deus ex machina.* Highly endowed artists from Corneille to Graham Greene have either foundered on the rock or been sucked into the whirlpool. Only Bernanos, for all his technical *gaucherie,* has come close to accomplishing the miracle.

Miss Gordon has her own resources, and they are of a quite superior order. First of all, there is the hint contained in her epigraph:

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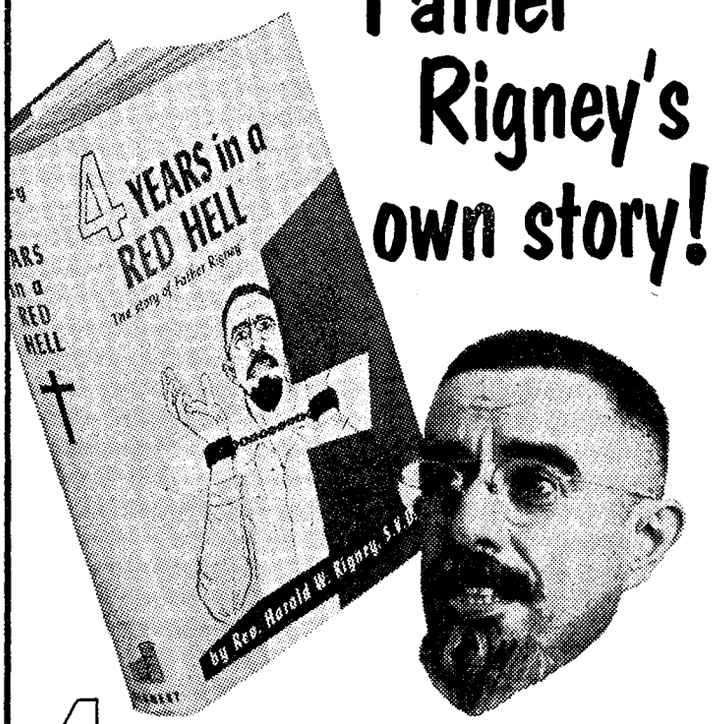
"It is for Adam to interpret the voices which Eve hears." This text, taken from Maritain's essay "The Frontiers of Poetry," is to be understood as specifying the relationship between the practical or critical intelligence and poetic intuition—Claudel's *animus* and *anima*. Man's critical intelligence is situated between a lower and a higher intuition. These realms on either side of the practical reason can be mistaken for each other. The one has an obscurity "by excess of opacity"; the other, an obscurity "by excess of transparency." The poet is nourished by his intuitions, but it is the critical intelligence (Adam) which must decide on the authenticity of what the soul (Eve) experiences.

Tom Claiborne is a poet who has,—all poets have—his presences, illuminations, and voices. In his earlier life the illuminations and presences had been frequent, and his poetry thrived. In recent years they had become rarer and were of an increasingly ambiguous character. The voices, on the other hand, never entirely left him, but as his spiritual life deteriorates they become laconic, ironic, and cryptic. Claiborne's critical spirit has in the course of years gained ascendancy over the creative spirit; yet, by a strange irony, that critical spirit is powerless to probe his own *malaise*. He is congealed in his own ego and so misreads himself and those about him. He is not without his extra-rational intimations, but he has a vast amount of experience to unlearn before he can decipher them. Miss Gordon handles the voices superbly, locating each with its distinctive intonation.

Claiborne also has his memories and his dreams. Towards the end of the novel the dreams increase in number and terror, for by this time the poet is on the verge of nervous collapse. The stuff of his dreams is dredged from his past experience in life and literature, and they have a sort of higher coherence which is intractable to analysis. His father is in them. So are Carlo Vincent and Horne Watts. There are caves, corridors, cliffs, and water. The memories, too, assert themselves unsolicited. There are memories of places—Eupedon, Mio Sogno, Clermont. There are expressions—the *"Feu . . . feu"* of Pascal, the *"Tolle, lege"* of St. Augustine. There are recurrences—of the cave ("I saw it first, but George was the first to enter"); the offhand suggestion that Catherine Pollard join the Church. Things that Claiborne has done or said in one context make an uncanny reappearance in another. Once again the novelist exhibits an admirable virtuosity in the deployment of symbols and echoes.

Finally, there are people. It is they who, wittingly and unwittingly, bring Claiborne to the edge of self-realization. There are George Crenfew, his psychiatrist cousin; Catherine Pollard, whose heroic Catholicism will remind readers of a saintly woman still living; Cynthia Vail, Claiborne's ambitious paramour; Molly Archer, the lady of drunken candors; Max Shull, the painter of the St. Eustache legend (an operative symbol); Sister Immaculata, the formidable nun who is writing a

Father Rigney's own story!



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critique of Horne Watt's poetry. And there is a host of minor figures, all of whom—even the somewhat superfluous Miss Golightly—have their function. The dead, too, possibly even more than the living, join in that skillfully discordant choir which, at one level of meaning, constitutes the Adam who interprets the voices of Eve.

When I had finished the history of Tom Claiborne—obviously and not too implausibly in the toils of Grace—I was more than ever in admiration of a novelist who had not only avoided with her usual consistency the *clichés* of her craft but had come closer than any vernacular writer to encompassing the elusive miracle.

It may be that the ghost of Hart Crane was over-intrusive. Is it the reviewer's fault if he equates *Pontifex* with *The Bridge* and finds the nun's exegesis, not merely ingenious to excess, but unassimilable to the intent of St. Catherine's *Dialogo Divino?* Prescinding entirely from the matter of the poet's possibilities of redemption, there seems to be no way—unless, perhaps, one has a Ph.D. from Louvain—of validly interpreting the poet's bridge in the light of the saint's. Something has gone wrong in that important interview, where the hand of the artist trembled and the eyes filled with tears. But it was for the moment only. One who knows less about *The Bridge* than the novelist or the reviewer will be the safer judge.

Unpolitic Wisdom

A DEMOCRAT LOOKS AT HIS PARTY. By Dean Acheson. Harper. $3.

By WILLIAM V. SHANNON

DEAN ACHESON is one of the most enigmatic public figures of recent years. Unfortunately, this small book, *A Democrat Looks At His Party,* will not do much to clear up the mystery.

The mystery, if such it can be called, is why this brilliant and talented man should have become so much an object of public obloquy. It is not enough to observe that he was the object of an extraordinarily venomous and partisan attack: other public officials have weathered similar attacks. At the heart of the problem is Acheson's failure to project an attractive image of himself. This engaging and high-spirited man somehow came through to much of the public as a cold, condescending snob and a clothes horse. His failing, it would seem, was one of style and manner, not in the superficial sense, but in a profound lack of touch for a democratic political milieu. Like a guest at a wedding party who shows up in the wrong clothes, Mr. Acheson had an erratic instinct for putting his worse foot forward. James Reston, for example, once observed how much easier the former Secretary of State's life would have been if instead of saying, "I shall not turn my back on Alger Hiss," he had said, "I won't kick a man when he is down"—which is essentially what he meant to say in the first place.

Mr. Acheson affords another instance of this instinct for the inept phrase in this book when he uses the quote, "When the ignorant are taught to doubt they do not know what they safely may believe." He makes use not once but twice of this remark of Justice Holmes. It is undoubtedly a wise observation, but scarcely politic. Dean Acheson is not in a judicial sanctum but bidding for support for himself and his party in a highly competitive forum.

Mr. Acheson's difficulty may also stem from an excess of inner restraint. This book, for example, might have been a brilliant memoir by a member of Henry Adams's social stratum who took the path of public service Adams rejected, or it could have been a really incisive analysis either of contemporary politics or of present issues in foreign policy. Mr. Acheson has the intellect, experience, and detachment to carry off any of these tasks, but the book does not undertake any, although it impinges on each.

The first section explains his reasoned commitment to the Democratic Party on the grounds that it is a multiple-interest party while the Republican Party speaks almost exclusively for the business community. Mr. Acheson next discusses the competing approaches of the two parties to foreign policy issues during the last fifty years. In passing, he scores some telling points off his successor in office and makes some interesting observations about foreign policy-making in a democracy. Finally, he surveys the state of our civil liberties. Here he presents a magisterial and impressive indictment of the wretched government employees' security program. He fully and gracefully concedes his own share of the guilt for perpetuating and enforcing it. These chapters are actually a great brief superbly drawn up by a lawyer of the highest rank, a place Dean Acheson easily holds in private life.

A Democrat Looks At His Party is not the great work its author is capable of nor does it cast light on the enigma of his own career, yet it is worth reading. These lucid, dignified, reflective essays are a useful contribution to the election year debate.

A Love Convention

LUCY CROWN. By Irwin Shaw. Random House. $3.95.

By GEOFFREY WAGNER

"ADULTERY," pronounces a wiseacre "Doc" in corduroy trousers and with "shrewd eyes" halfway through this novel, "is the upper-middle-class American woman's form of self-expression." Perhaps this book is indeed representative of some new form of courtly love convention, for no marriage in it is happy, and yet at the end the heroine, turned down by an adoption society and left stranded in Paris with something resembling Planned Parenthood, reflects that her own hopeless mess of a marriage is "no worse than most."

The tragic triangle chosen to dramatize this theme is disquietingly Oedipal; it consists of Lucy Crown, her husband Oliver, and their son Tony. Lucy herself has "Eastern eyes" and "something curiously Oriental about her face" which is

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intended to suggest, to those of us ignorant of the Orient, a strong sensual streak that gets her sexually involved with her son's tutor. Tony turns out to be our old friend the young sensitive, suffering from "a too nervous attachment to his mother," who, curious about the facts of life, is traumatized by seeing them enacted by Mummy and tutor in bed. Oliver dies in semi-suicidal action in World War II after which Lucy tells Tony that "we destroyed him." Whereupon grown Tony bursts into tears.

Actually the story is much less spurious than this sounds—the wrecking of the young boy's life, and of his parents' lives through his, is possible and it ought to be touching. That it is not so is mainly due to the pretentiousness with which the whole is told (there is even a thematic comparison with *The Winter's Tale* through references to Leontes).

When M. Mauriac, whose *Asmodée* treated a like affair, framed a novel, *Le Désert de l'Amour,* in the "hell" of a Paris bar over thirty years ago, one had a feeling of vitality in the method. Here everything is secondhand—the cinematic opening scene, the flashbacks within flashbacks, the solemnly pontifical symbols (phallic bugle-notes, zodiacal signs, protective dark glasses). In an effort to inject philosophic stiffening, callow comments are inserted, the pseudo-sophistication of which becomes at times ludicrous; thus one chapter opens: "When we look back into the past, we recognize a moment in time which was decisive, at which the pattern of our lives changed, a moment at which we moved irrevocably off in a new direction."

The reader, in short, soon realizes that he has been intolerably tricked into giving this magazine fiction the courtesy of serious attention. For it is the kind of story—of mother-love and extra-marital passion—that demands to be handled with the utmost delicacy and respect. When one pictures the sincerity with which Lawrence would have approached the relationships here, one sees, I am sorry to say, just how vulgar and meretricious *Lucy Crown* is.

It is not merely the pedestrian paucity of Shaw's style that is at fault, though here one observes with alarm the retreat into bogus-Hemingway, with all the artfully casual run-on sentences and jolting non-sequiturs peculiar to that style. Here sunlight is "leafy," Lucy walks "glistening palely" through the moonlight for her Dartmouth lover, the young sensitive ducks his head and fights "the movements of his mouth," and so on. No, the clichés extend to situation and we are left with a human story stripped of its humanity and decked in the tinsel of technique.

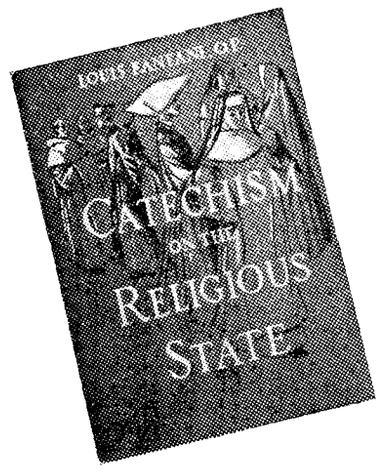
By the end we realize that, despite a well-planned narrative (the pace of which, in fact, is just right for the events), we have been told nothing about either the particular social milieu or about human behavior in general. Nor, despite the craftily planted references to baseball heroes and song hits of the time, do we feel the slightest sense of era. We are simply left with "that fallacious fruit" subsidized by the *New Yorker* hothouse—all tough rind on the outside and mushy in the middle.

Neglected Saint

ST. JOHN FISHER. By E. E. Reynolds. Kenedy. $6.

By DORIS GRUMBACH

FROM the Tower, in 1535, the elderly, ailing Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher, wrote: "Rescue me from these manifold perils that I am in, for unless thou wilt of thine infinite goodness relieve me, I am but as a lost creature." In another cell in the same Tower sat lawyer Sir Thomas More, writing long letters to his daughter, and the beautiful *A Dialogue of Comfort*. The two brave and defiant Catholics never met again, but their peril was common and terrible. They had refused to acknowledge Henry VIII as head of the Church in England, and had seen fit, earlier, to deny the validity of Henry's claim that his marriage to Catherine had been mis-



CATECHISM ON THE RELIGIOUS STATE

By LOUIS FANFANI, O.P.

Translated by

Paul C. Perrotta, O.P.

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Father Fanfani, O.P., has for many years been professor in the Angelicum, Rome. An established author, his work shows the tremendous breadth of his experience and background.

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takenly permitted by the Pope. While the consumptive Bishop awaited death, Pope Paul III sent him a red hat, an act which so infuriated the King that "he declared in anger several times that he would give him another hat, and send the head afterwards to Rome for the cardinal's hat."

John Fisher came to trial, while at the same time his library was wrecked, his home rifled, his coffer torn apart to reveal "instead of gold and silver which they looked for a shirt of hair and two or three whips wherewith he used full often to punish himself." The trial was swift, a new statute (declaring failure to support the King's Supremacy an act of treason) was invoked, and the new cardinal sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Later, Henry, seeing himself as a merciful man, mitigated the sentence: "on the twenty-second of June, 1535 John Fisher was mercifully beheaded on the scaffold of Tower Hill.

Four hundred years later, in St. Peter's, the long, undiminished martyrdom was proclaimed. Pius XI dispensed the proof-of-miracles requirement and declared the lawyer and the Cardinal saints of the Church.

Mr. Reynolds, whose biography of Thomas More proved him a careful recreator of an obscure and difficult age, has here done an equally workmanlike job on St. John Fisher. He follows the neglected saint from his birth in Beverly in 1469, to his election as Chancellor of Cambridge in 1504, to his elevation to Bishop of Rochester ten years later. The Bishop sat honorably in high places: he was a member of the King's Council, confessor to Henry's saintly mother, Margaret Beaufort, he established St. John's College, Cambridge, he was friend and confidante to the great of his time. But at the same time he was a man of profound piety and great learning: after reading Erasmus' *Novum Instrumentum* at forty-eight, he learned Greek, and soon after began his study of Hebrew.

All these attainments, all his saintliness and undeviating, unpurchasable honor, made his progress to the scaffold inevitable. Following his undeniable passage to sainthood, the narrative is halted by all the full stops and delays of true scholarship, so that the joy of reading this book lies in the slow discovery of the minutiae of a life so genuinely pure that Erasmus was to write of him: "Unless I am sadly mistaken, he is the one man at this time who is incomparable for uprightness of life, for learning and for greatness of soul."

The People Beyond

AYORAMA. By Raymond de Coccola. Oxford. $4.50.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

AYORAMA—*it can't be helped* (literally, because I am helpless). This sums up the attitude towards life of the Eskimos of the Canadian Central Arctic or, as they call themselves, the Krangmalit, the People Beyond.

Father de Coccola gives the fol-

TOYNBEE AND HISTORY

edited by Ashley Montague, 400 pp., $5.00

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THE LIVES OF THE BRETHREN

Translated by Placid Conway.

Introduction by Bede Jarrett, O.P.

This collection of legends and stories about the early Dominican Friars was compiled as a result of a decree of the General Chapter of the Order held in Paris in 1256 'when every Prior was enjoined to write to the Master General recalling 'any miracle of edifying occurrence happening in the Order or concerning it.' Edited and re-edited, the *Vita Fratrum* has been many times published and republished; in its way, it is a minor spiritual classic recalling in some respects the famous *Little Flowers of St. Francis*. It possesses all the dainty yet virile faith of medieval times and to the historian, of course, it is an invaluable and fascinating document. $2.25

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lowing advice to outsiders critical of the Krangmalit: "Live with them and among them, take part in their daily routine for years and years, and then judge them if you like—but not before." He spent twelve years with them and, by a rare combination of objectivity and of insistent, not to say implacable, sympathy, he has made it possible for his readers to do the same. *Ayorama* is not so much a report of his missionary labors as it is a skillful recreation of Eskimo life. At one point an old native woman says of the author, "Fala has always helped us. If only he could follow the customs of the People Beyond, he would be one of us." Here, I think, is the clue to his extraordinarily successful work. He lives with the Krangmalit—eats, sleeps, hunts and plays with them—yet he does not forget what he is and why he is there. Just as his sympathy never becomes identification, his curiosity is always broader and more ambitious than that of the anthropologist or the explorer. The knowledge that he seeks and, with the help of Mr. Paul King, communicates to his readers is experiential rather than conceptual; it is closer to the knowledge of the artist than to that of the scientist.

The one *apparent* defect lies in the author's naturalistic method. All six senses alert, Father de Coccola piles detail upon detail—the bodily movements of the Eskimo as they perform their routine tasks; the Mongoloid marks on a baby's body; the odor of a crowded igloo; the vapor that rises from the mouths and noses of those asleep, hits the dome of the igloo, forms into crystals of snow and then falls back upon the sleepers. Only an impatient reader will mistake such wealth for disorder since it is by the accumulation of detail that the author creates his characters and their world. In this respect, *Ayorama* surpasses any other anthropological work I have seen. Only Jaime de Angulo, in his study of the Pit River Indians of Northern California, comes at all close.

During his long and frequent travels, Father de Coccola often pauses to tell a story. There are many good ones, but that of Naoyak is crucial since it gives the book its aesthetic and moral unity. In the first chapter, Naoyak is born. Eskimo girls are often killed at birth but she is allowed to live because a friend of her father's has asked him to save a girl for his son. As is customary, the little girl is brought up by her prospective father-in-law. With admirable art, the author keeps coming back to Naoyak. He dandles her on his knee in childhood; he is present when her foster parents decide that, although not yet a woman, she is old enough to learn how to please her husband; and he sees her again as a full-fledged wife, a healthy girl already taller than he. At last, when flu ravages the tribe, Naoyak and her husband go to Father de Coccola's house where they die. So reticent is the author about his priestly functions that it comes as a surprise to learn that they are Christians. The night before Naoyak died, Father de Coccola reminded her of all he had taught her about the Good Spirit, "filling her heart with Christian hope." She died as the sun rose. "Without a word or gesture of emotion . . . the true Eskimo to the end." There is a lesson to *Ayorama;* it is the contradiction of the title—it can be helped.

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